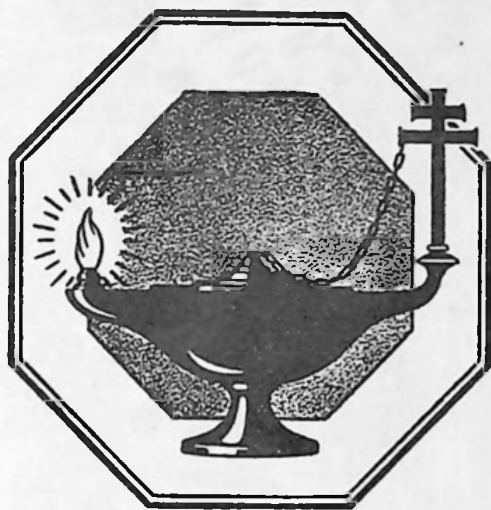


TOC H JOURNAL



SEPTEMBER—MCMXLVI

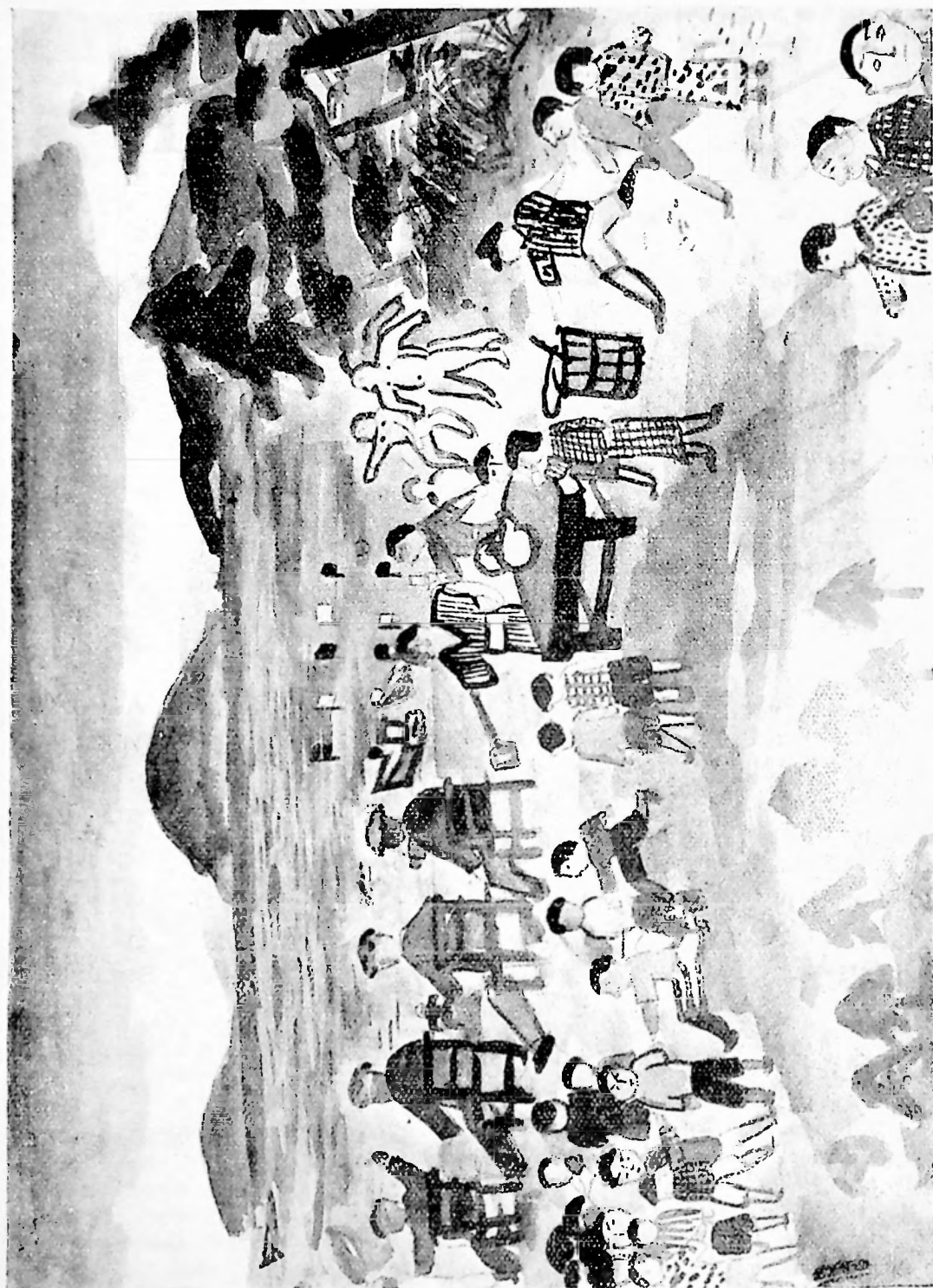
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THREEPENCE

初六 前川勝行



'UNCLE TOC' AND 'UNCLE H' (IN CHAIRS) WATCH A JAPANESE CHILDREN'S SWIMMING COMPETITION,
July 19, 1946 (See p. 154).

From a watercolor drawing by Katsuyuki Mackared, Class 6, Takuma Primary School.

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No. 9

HOME FROM HONG KONG

I DON'T suppose that angels have wrist watches, since time is nothing more than an entirely human parenthesis which intervenes in the tranquil course of eternity. But somehow things do happen which are queer; as we look back they seem not only to be arranged, but positively timed in their due sequence. Yet they consist of a long series of unrehearsed events, minor delays, all leading up to some immense surprise, and the right man is met at the right spot.

This afternoon, fed up with writing letters, I walked abroad in my long-suffering parish. I found a lump of sugar for a horse and gave it to a man whom I believed to be the driver of the horse concerned. He turned out to be a bookmaker's tout, sunning himself and waiting for a client, who had gone to the dogs—an ominous remark. He spoke about this absent friend with pastoral zeal. He wanted to reclaim him to the old Sport of Kings. That was his mission.

He, therefore, gave the precious lump of sugar, which I had brought from Cromer, to a boy who seemed to know the horse. The horse decided that he both knew the boy and liked the sugar. He broke it on his bit and liked it better.

I then went on to a great shipping line. It stands in my old neighbour's parish, and he and I for more than twenty years have never trespassed across our parish bounds for purposes of pastoral visitation. Then, in the early years of war, he died. His ruined Church has not yet ceased to mourn him. His parish, now more ruined than affluent, is brightening up. I found the shipping office. Two men came up from

having cups of tea, and I presented my credentials. These took the form of an appropriate letter from Toc H, Totnes, who had arranged to send a bench I coveted for the Guild Church, by coastwise traffic. I was told the vessel was likely to arrive in London River on Wednesday morning. My informant knew his opposite number on the ground floor office of the General Steam Navigation Company, who have already brought into All Hallows a Crusading Altar weighing two tons, sent home from Palestine, and the Gibraltar Font carved from the Rock; so that a bench would be a bagatelle. This having been arranged, I left the office, having bestowed two miniature anthologies, price three-pence each, of Pepys on Tower Hill.

I strolled down Seething Lane into my own parish, and then bethought me of the Corn Exchange. Intending to look in for a few minutes and pass the time of day, I found myself among a little body of old friends who had a lot to say to one another, and let me listen to their conversation. Then I sat down with one on either side, and we began to talk as old friends do; and, finally, we reached a situation where it was clear that one of them at least would make an admirable clergyman. He had already once been a Churchwarden. It seemed best that he should undertake, for a brief space at least, a badge of office, so I removed my collar and my waistcoat and fastened it on him. This idle jest took a surprising turn. With spectacles on nose, he then addressed a gathering body of the Corn Exchange, borrowed a hat, put in five shillings himself and passed it round among his congregation.

I did not really tumble to his plan, until I found that this was just his way of giving a leg up to the old Church. So that I left, having broken for the first time in the Corn Exchange my rule of two and twenty years against receiving money from parishioners during a pastoral visit. Before I went I slipped into his hand an invitation to the Service on Ascension Day, that he should come from Cheam at 7.15 once more to make his Communion at All Hallows. I said he would have to start extremely early. He said that it was worth it every time.

Having been thus delayed, and thus replenished, I thought it best to slip into All Hallows and hand the half-crowns to the Church authorities. I found that Mr. Misselbrook himself, our verger, was in the Porch Room Chapel of All Hallows, with his moustaches gleaming in the sun, which poured its radiance through the repaired windows. Lo and behold! I had come just in time; for Mr. Misselbrook, as from the Bridge, was then engaged in laying down the law to two delightful men in overalls. They had come in to whitewash the blitzed walls, and had rolled up the carpet and got busy; but Mr. Misselbrook was telling them that it was utterly essential that they should put the Porch Room back complete before they left at 5 p.m., in order that the Chapel should be ready for Evensong at 5.30 p.m. and for Mattins and Communion on the morrow. I countered this proposal forcibly, and pointed out that the Crypt could be employed, and told the angels in their dungarees that they could carry straight on with the work until it was complete. One of them came shyly downstairs with me; and when we reached the safety and remoteness of the Church precincts in the open air, explained to me that he was much relieved; for Mr. Misselbrook had been severe and they had wondered what they ought to do. He spoke as if he were a keen Churchman; so I asked him if he had ever learnt to Serve at the Communion service. He shook his head, almost regretfully; but said he liked the Church.

So he and I arranged that he should also come extremely early on Ascension Day to worship in the Church which he had cleaned. He thanked me very much for asking him and said he would. This made me feel a worm. Had we reversed positions, I should not have answered an old parson with such courtesy.

I then left him, and went down into the hut where Warrant Officer Charles Tisshaw (R.N., Toc H and now assistant verger) was busily and happily engaged in making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. That is, he was constructing a bench for the garden out of odd fragments of timber, and making a remarkably good job of it. I drew him from his work to the east end of the Church site. We went into the garden of All Hallows, where he explained to me that I had stolen the previous day—early on Sunday morning—wood which was really his and therefore mine. I remembered that I had discovered some ancient planks outside the churchyard wall, which I believed were driftwood of some kind. I thought they might be useful in the garden, and pushed them over the church railings. It turned out that these pieces were our own, carefully stacked for further use outside where Mr. Tisshaw had with immense labour deposited them. This he had done on Saturday for Monday. On Sunday I defeated his whole work, thinking that I was being highly helpful. To this there was no possible reply. At that moment I turned round and saw a resurrected friend in the Church garden. No place could be more perfect for our meeting.

A man came in whom I had known and trusted as a mere boy, an old head on young shoulders. Nearly ten years ago he went to China, and he was due for leave when war broke out. His name had been upon All Hallows Prayer List, especially since 1941. He walked into the Church and on into the garden and found us there. I said to him just "George!" I could not think of anything to say. There was no need; for Mr. Tisshaw promptly, with admirable tact, began to mention

H.M.S. *Ladybird* and old shipmates upon China Station at Kowloon, where they had met and been to visit Toc H ashore, before this war began.

Tisshaw and Dunkley talked until I grew calm, and at that moment Mr. Misselbrook again appeared upon his way to tea. Nothing would content me but to show George Dunkley what was left of the old Church; so Mr. Misselbrook most kindly led the way below, and volunteered to open up

the now locked Treasury.

After that, we came back to Forty-Two and had our own tea and a long talk together; and now he is here to-night in my guest room. We said our Compline shortly after midnight, and he is now asleep, before I follow his benign example. But now I know that angels have wrist-watches severely synchronised; for George and I and Tisshaw came together in blind fulfilment of an unknown plan. TUBBY.

CIVIL RESETTLEMENT

This article comes from HAROLD GASCOIGNE of Bigbury, Devon.

I AM reminded of the professor who went to Bombay for two weeks and when he came back wrote twelve volumes on *The Caste System in India*. It is much the same that I'm trying to do now in writing about Civil Resettlement. About mid-way in June I went for a month's course at Kneller Hall in Twickenham, where No. 8 Civil Resettlement Unit still is, though I understand that it is soon closing down. My information about what it was going to be like was slight indeed—all I knew was that it was a place where ex-prisoners-of-war had some of their problems investigated and, if possible, solved. As soon as I got there I found that it was unlike any other course I'd heard of—no discipline, no parades (except for pay) and no Company Orders.

My first impression, after a tour of the old home of the Army School of Music, was that it seemed to provide everything which a man might want or want to do. There was a medical section, including dental and psychiatric departments; a "job-finding" agency, with Ministry of Labour people on the staff and a close liaison maintained between Labour Exchanges and Appointments Offices; and an educational section, with a comprehensive library. Nor was this all—there was a Civil Liaison Officer to help solve domestic problems; an Entertainments Officer who made the arranging of Garden Fêtes, cinema shows and dances seem so easy; and a sports section with squash, badminton and tennis courts, with a large playing field

for cricket and tug o' war. The approximate cost of Kneller Hall, according to one of the staff, was £1,000 a day, so that you can see the place was well equipped.

A talk by the Syndicate Officer (there were five of them acting in the capacity of advisers to syndicates of about twenty to thirty men, though the numbers had been greater) outlined what the staff was trying to do. It had been felt that three or four years spent doing things which had no definite purpose, in conditions which necessitated stifling normal emotions, would bring about a strong feeling of strangeness in ex-P.O.W.s when they returned to more normal conditions. By providing various outlets they wished to uncork, in a sympathetic atmosphere, the emotions which had been bottled up for so long. They were certain that the best way was to let small groups of men, about eight to twelve, discuss any topic which was introduced and let any individual who felt like it, get off his mind what was worrying him. Discussions then were numerous, but please don't think that they were only periods when morbid individuals talked about their ailments—far from it. I found that the range of topics was as comprehensive as any I could imagine. One day the topic for discussion was, "Do you think that women have improved during the war?" and on another it was, "Will the raising of the school-leaving age mean that less boys will want to take up manual work?" The idea behind these discussions was partly to enable

men to regain confidence and partly therapeutic. I have one criticism to make here—I thought that the staff, with the exception of the two Doctors and the Psychiatrist*, were too free with psychological *clichés*. One didn't have a worry or a problem, one had a "social anxiety" or a "job anxiety" or a "security anxiety."

Group Discussion

This idea of using discussions for the purpose of adult education has been taken up by the Church Council and I see from the notes of the Southern London Area Executive meeting on July 7, that "use could be made of the pamphlets issued by the Bureau of Current Affairs as subjects for discussion in units, particularly as regard the practical contribution of Toc H." I had a talk about this with the Major who was in charge of the Officers' syndicate when I was at the C.R.U.—he is now one of the leading lights in the Bureau of Current Affairs—and the impression he gave me was that Discussion Group leaders ought to be trained first, so that they know how to keep the discussion alive, to acquire the knack of holding the group together by throwing in a question just at the right time, and how to deal tactfully with the man who always wishes to dominate and do it without getting him annoyed. I dropped in at the hospital one day and joined a discussion being run by one of the doctors on, "What do we mean by nerves?" One of the men there (I think he was a patient) put more *clichés* into one speech than anyone else I've heard. It went something like this, "When I was coming back on the boat, my emotional tension was dominated by an extrovertial anxiety, which I felt by a compulsion and desire to jump overboard." The doctor carefully brought the topic back to the point with, "When we say 'nerves' we don't mean the bits of 'string' which we can see when an arm is cut open: what do we mean?" Before leaving the question of the staff, though, I would like to mention that I had about 40 minutes with the Psychologist there, and when he was talking

about trying to suppress one's feelings by will power, he said, "like getting steam up in a kettle and then trying to sit on the lid." In the whole of the time, he did not use one phrase of psychological jargon.

Numerous people were invited down to the C.R.U. to talk about their own particular profession or business or to sit on a Brains-Trust, so that we had the opportunity of learning what they thought was happening in industry and of possible future trends. A young woman, who was a professor in economics and psychology, gave us a very interesting talk about the broad issues involved in post-war reconstruction and left us with the question, "What is the position of the consumer if there comes about full co-operation between organized labour and employers?" Hannen Swaffer also gave us a short talk, and an Irish member of the audience accused him of talking us into another war by fostering an extreme Nationalist outlook. He replied, "Justifiable pride in English achievements was not likely to bring about another war—and by 'English' I mean Irish and Scots too." He came about 7 o'clock and talked about Socialism until 8-30, and then three of us, a Lieut. in the Loyals, a Staff Sergeant in the Pay Corps and myself, talked from 8-30 until 11-0 arguing his points and finished up by rejecting most of them. This is worth mentioning I think: all ranks mixed with each other to an amazing extent. I found that if I really wanted to find out what some of the Private soldiers felt about things, it was better to wear civvies, though, on the whole it made very little difference.

Into Industry

Frequent visits were arranged to factories, Government Training Centres and outside lectures. Having heard a great deal about plastics, I was intrigued by a machine which was fed two cans of brown, dull-looking chips and produced two shiny, intricate mouldings, only requiring the edges to be smoothed off for them to be the finished articles. An ordinary spray-painted cover

* We understand the Army sensibly pronounces this awkward word 'Trick-cyclist.'—ED.

was passed through an oven and appeared the other end in a beautiful stipple coat, due apparently to a certain chemical in the paint which crystallized in the heat. I went to a Government Training Centre where ex-servicemen, a number of them disabled, were being given courses in plumbing, tiling, building, painting and watch-making. I was amazed here to see the enthusiasm of all the men, and one of the instructors said that some of them were so keen they had to be told when it was time to stop and "clock-watching" was a very rare disease. I was informed that men on such courses are given much more instruction than a number of apprentices get because of the variety of experience and because no time is lost in "tea-making." Unfortunately the money which they get whilst in training is not very much, being just about enough to cover living expenses, but one or two of them told me it was well worth it because when they finished the course they would have the security of a trade.

I went to a talk at Regent Street Polytechnic, given by Sir Wilfred Garrett, on "the human contribution to efficiency" and he said that industry, to work to its fullest capacity, must be based on these four points:

- (i) Recognition of the value of the individual.
- (ii) Democracy in industry.
- (iii) Support of existing organizations by employers and labour.
- (iv) Education within industry.

Here it was stressed, from the industrial viewpoint, that a man must feel that he is recognised as an individual and allowed to take his full share of responsibility, if he is going to remain interested and, as a result, efficient.

This same truism was the theme of the C.R.U. but I felt that interest could not be sustained by variety alone—there must be a purpose which incorporates all interests. Nor was I alone in thinking this because the fact which impressed me most of all, was that the men there all realized that life in civvy-street and everywhere else for that matter, seems to have something missing. By this, I don't mean just the comradeship, or bond due to a common aim, which was so apparent

in war-time, but something much more than this, and I would try to express it as, "the desire to live a full and satisfying life."

Wanted—a Padre

All the staff were extremely helpful and I enjoyed the course very much. It was interesting; it gave me the chance of getting to know the men who were there and what they were thinking; and, at the same time, I had the opportunity of seeing those aspects of civilian life which I might otherwise not have seen. But I have one criticism to make—there was no Padre. As a unit it was extremely successful in showing men what conditions were like outside and how best they could find their niche, but I feel that if it had dealt with the question of religion too, it would have gained a cohesion and helped to solve the problem of the "whole" man. I asked about the absence of a Padre and was given the explanation that a Church of England Padre would not do for a Roman Catholic, a Jew or a Free Church man, but I still think that a man cannot be settled if he has not found out how he stands with God. As there are going to be about eight of these units for the Regular Army, I feel that this question is important, and I hope that Toc H will help answer it by personal contact and by inviting men from such units to their local Branches. H.G.

A FOOTNOTE FROM INDIA

In the *Lancet* of April 6 Dr. ELLIS STUNGO, a West End physician, says:—

"In India I had the privilege of talking to large numbers of soldiers under Toc H auspices. Subjects such as instincts, emotions and simple psychological mechanisms were discussed. Members of the audience would then be invited to express their views. The first were usually those who spoke for the sake of airing their knowledge or put 'devastating' questions unconnected with the subject under discussion. Before long, however, more retiring types expressed their difficulties with little reserve. As the meeting progressed, an atmosphere of intimacy developed, and the group effect became obvious. Many of those who came subsequently admitted that the meetings had helped them to understand situations and reactions which previously had caused them disquiet. I felt that those meetings were of value in the prophylaxis of neurotic illness . . . The same opportunities for discussion . . . might well produce comparable results in industry . . ."

IN JAPAN WITH TOC H

THERE is a story, apt enough to be true, that Mr. Bevin's parting words to his colleagues as they rose from a recent Cabinet meeting were, "If I hear of peace over the week-end in any country in Europe, I'll ring you up and let you know." We are all aware now that Peace is still far off, that even the "shooting war" in some parts of the world is not over. But in our daily effort to rebuild our lives at home we too easily forget that many of our own members and an appreciable proportion of our staff still carry on under 'service conditions'—and may do so for many years yet—in Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. With the British Army of the Rhine we have constant and easy touch, but up to date not a word has appeared in these pages—beyond the name Kuré in a list of Services Clubs—about Toc H with the occupying forces in Japan. Let this silence now be broken.

It is a long time (February, 1945) since we printed the first account of a Toc H Mobile Club advancing into Burma. The writer



Frank Field and Nimetake Katagiri, his photographer.

was Frank Field. Now he writes, as the pioneer, with Swire Ackroyd, of Toc H work with British and Indian troops in Japan.

We quote from some of his letters home:—

Arrival

March 28, 1946: "We have arrived! At last we are here in Japan. All day Tuesday we nosed up the inland sea in a grey mist, raw, cold and uninviting. The first islands were grim, volcanic rocks, but these soon changed to tree-covered hillocks sticking straight up out of the sea.

A few fisher-folk in very primitive flat boats and occasional smoke from the distant hills broke into the scene, which soon changed to Scotland. By mid-day the sun came through. We took on a pilot. Then through a range of islands, and up past Hiroshima to Kuré.

All the towns we had passed had a distinctly Norwegian look, wooden buildings with gay tiles, huddled close in between sea and shore, the slopes cultivated in little paddy-fields to the last inch not timbered. Hiroshima was the same, except that behind the docks lay—nothing!

Kuré itself was very busy indeed, the stream full of ships and several wrecks. We slowly passed right into the only vacant berth. At night it was all lit up and looked glorious, but by day it looked dreadful, very heavily bombed and derelict inland, ships, docks, and submarine pens all wrecked and rusted. They have cleared away much of the *débris*; the town is well tidied; new buildings are going up and open-air markets flourish.

Our present home is away up through the hills in Hiro, a suburb of Kuré, with plenty of good wooden buildings for the lads—much better than we had ever dreamed of seeing, and with plenty of electricity laid on. My own billet (temporary) is in a big wooden building with sliding doors and windows, built-in cupboards and thick padded rush mats on the floor, by far the best I have had. Tomorrow we take over temporary Club premises and will do what we can until final dispositions are known and we can settle down to work in earnest.

The people are rosy-cheeked and very well; how they keep fit on so little beats me. All of them work very hard and every inch—dried-up river beds, roadside verges and all—is made into a garden. The children especially are very bonny—and whatever you may think about their parents, you can't help liking the kids. 'Non-frat.' is the order, but I wonder!"

Getting Ready

The "final dispositions" for which our men waited turned out to be an extremely ambitious scheme. Here is Frank Field's first news of it:—

May 24: "I have just returned from Takuma Bay, on the sheltered side of Shikoku Island, where the Divisional Holiday Camp is established. The venture will be as like an ordinary civilian



Takuma Bay Camp under construction.

one as it is possible to make it. All the organisers will be W.V.S. and Toc H with a military and Japanese staff. About twenty W.V.S. personnel will be in residence to run the place on normal civilian lines and my colleague and I have all the outside activities to run, sports, bathing, boating, excursions and picnics, gardens and chicken farm.

The situation is ideal. The whole area is enclosed by hills on three sides and faces the sea. It covers some twenty acres including an apron of tarumac along the water's edge with three slipways, one of which we are walling in to make a bathing pool. There is a gutted hangar which we are converting for tennis and cricket. What was once the control room will now be an ice cream parlour with a sun roof and sports stores. Aircraft dispersal bays will become courts with sheltered rest gardens and behind them is the main camp area, a football pitch, covered roller skating and badminton, theatre, dance floor, canteens, shopping centre, laundry, M.T. park, workshops, etc., and a stable for twenty horses.

All the main camp buildings are on terraces each of which looks out on the one below and every room will have a view. They are solid wooden buildings with heavy pantiled roofs and, of course, baths on the Japanese scale. This means a large room with three concrete tanks six feet square and a smaller one. They are all steam heated and you wash in the small bath and then soak to your heart's content in the big ones.

The camp will accommodate 200 British and 300 Indian troops simultaneously. I have requisitioned a dozen seaplane floats to make rafts, diving boards and small craft, and we hope to have the place open for August week-end."

June 5: "We have now moved into Takuma Bay and started on the lay-out. It's very hectic work, for there are only a few days left before the rain starts—and that lasts a month . . . The trouble with a place this size is that you don't know where to start on the job. We have all sorts of labour working on the outside, and the Engineers have hundreds of contractors' men doing the insides in a frantic rush to get things ready, but even then I don't see how

we shall have what I really want until the Autumn at earliest.

The plan is very ambitious and includes every outdoor game, indoor skating rink, English pub, shopping centre, canteens, recreation rooms for every purpose from music to ping-pong, Chapel, lounges and really comfortable bedrooms, with basins in each . . .

The kitchen garden is under way, and one big patch is not only dug but planted—and radishes are poking through! They have only been in a few days. The Japanese are good gardeners and love it . . . There are many wild azaleas on the slopes behind the camp; all sorts of dwarf trees and shrubs are here in abundance but very few flowers. We shall have to uncrate our flower seeds very soon and get weaving on this side of things. It will take us all our time to have the main outlines ready for August! . . .

One of our interpreters, a youngster not long from school, told me yesterday how lucky they were. For with no armed forces any more, they can spend money on education. He is dead right, too, for the number of good modern school buildings would make anyone at home think twice: they have ours beaten into a cocked hat . . ."

Three weeks later: "The place here is the biggest job ever tackled in this line of business, and we are hoping for a really first-class show. The work progresses well and the contractors still swarm over everything. Results are coming along, and the gardens really look very nice indeed . . ."

'A Toc H job' of Goodwill

While the camp was getting ready there

were other things to do:—

June 26: "The most important part of my job looks like being the goodwill side after all. We have here a unique opportunity of helping world



On the 1368 steps of Kotahira Shrine.

peace. Every man who comes here will enjoy himself and in addition will take away happy memories of the places he has seen and the people whom he has met. We are arranging trips to places of special beauty or interest and have enlisted quite a lot of local people in the scheme of things.

The liaison section of the Nagawa prefecture are extremely helpful and we are able to do many things which would not otherwise be possible. For instance, we went to the shrine of Kotahira a little while back, and not only were we shown round the whole place and permitted to picnic in the library, but the chief priests came out to welcome us in style and we were invited to take part in a ceremony with them. It was a cross between our Easter and Harvest Festivals and was a thanksgiving for the harvest just in as well as

the one being sown. Kotahira is a sailors' shrine, and it was fitting that we, as visitors from far across the seas, should be asked to present an evergreen branch, before the offerings of fruit and fish, etc., as a token of goodwill and peace between our two peoples. I may say that I felt a bit foolish offering it in front of all the party, plus a couple of dozen priests from Kyoto and sundry pilgrims to the shrine! . . ."

In another letter he gives an amusing description of a visit to a Japanese theatre.

The Children

"This morning a W.V.S. and I went to a primary school round the corner and saw all the little lads and lasses at work. The teachers were very interesting and the kiddies look all alike to me, all the same size and colour, all with the same black heads and brown eyes: I don't know how they tell which are which at all! They did some dances for us in the school hall afterwards, and we received flowers and promised to return in a fortnight with more visitors and to give every child a jeep ride! Loud cheers greeted this last announcement, and we departed in a triumphal procession to our truck. We have been gradually getting to know the kiddies and think that if we can enlist their understanding we too shall be 'getting places.' I am tonight writing to our Public Relations people for permission to exchange exhibitions of school handiwork with U.K. schools, which should help . . ."

July 3: "You can see us most evenings surrounded by a host of children, getting known and understood in the villages—'Uncle Toe' and 'Uncle H' to you! It's worth it, for when we first came here the streets emptied at our approach, whereas now the kiddies come rushing out and their parents stand and smile 'Good evening' (everyone now knows 'Hullo' and 'Goodbye,' 'Nice' and 'O.K.') and if we want anything it is immediately forthcoming.

It should now be possible to give anyone coming on leave a thoroughly good time. If we can get that and the understanding of Japanese life and customs, which descriptions will carry home to his folks, then we shall have got somewhere, quite apart from the job of mixing British and Indian troops in the same leave centre. We certainly have a job on hand! . . ."

July 7: "This morning I kept my promise and gave Jeep rides to the school children, taking five trucks with me as there were 500 kiddies waiting. The rains had made the roads impassable further on and they had to be content with a short ride, after we had extricated the trucks from the first landslide . . . I had sent the trucks on while I stayed to play with the kiddies who waited their

• Frank Field has since sent home two striking books, presented to him, of work done in this primary school. One (with pages measuring about 10 x 14 inches) consists of exercises in Japanese calligraphy, written with brush and 'Indian' ink on thin sheets of rice-paper; the name and class of each child, with a translation (e.g., "Shadow of island and sailing ships," "Gradually cool breeze and enjoy the evening cool," "Science, technique and production") is pinned to each sheet. The other book (a dozen pages slightly larger) is full of remarkable drawings in coloured chalk and watercolour. Some of the pictures are beautiful both in colour and design. We reproduce an amusing one by a small child as our frontispiece.—En.

turn, and on being told that the trucks could get no further asked them to reverse to a spot where I knew they could turn safely. But they refused to move till I went personally and extricated them . . . I then returned to give the odd hundreds of kiddies a short ride, as none of the drivers would risk it. However I was through in four hours, with no disappointed kids.

On Thursday next we are all to go to the show they are putting on for us . . . and on the 19th seven schools have a swimming competition in the Bay (*see frontispiece*). So Uncles Toc and H will be pretty busy."

Progress

His letters contain other interesting and amusing pictures of local efforts of goodwill: an official reception, "the first time the president of this prefecture has received British personnel," with an exhibition of Japanese floral arrangement and a tea-ceremony which was hard going for the guests. "The governor and chief of police sang, the education director danced a children's dance, the liaison officer recited and we sang choruses—in fact we finished up with *Auld Lang Syne* sung in

Japanese and English with much gusto and energy."

Meanwhile the preparation of the Camp made progress: "it's been very hard and we are both physically tired," Frank writes. On July 21 he reports that "General Cowan and General Robertson were here this morning and professed themselves very satisfied with the work indeed—as they should be, too (though I says it as shouldn't!) We had a lot more promises from them, but I pointed out that we had been waiting eight weeks for some of the previous stuff. However we shall be ready to open with a flourish in mid-August."

So we leave Frank Field and Swire Ackroyd for the present with all our good wishes for their two-fold work of goodwill—with a mixture of British and Indian soldiers in the Camp and with their Japanese neighbours to whom, he says, "we've got to teach our ways and replace their elaborate politeness with kindness and consideration." B.B.

MAN AT WORK!



At the London Marks Garden Party on June 15. Tubby showed Young England how to drive nails—at three misses a penny.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

The WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be observed as usual this year on December 11 and 12. The first Lamp of Maintenance will be lit in BERLIN at 9 p.m. on the Wednesday. All those taking their part in the Chain from Berlin westward to the Pacific should do so that day, and from the Pacific westward to Berlin on Thursday, December 12, in each case at 9 p.m. by local time.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

THE CEREMONY OF LIGHT

DEAR EDITOR,

It would seem to be inevitable that ceremonies, which to begin with had a definite meaning and purpose, should through the lapse of time lose such meaning and become mere forms. It is for this reason that many people object to all such ceremonies, thus depriving themselves of something which could be of great value.

In Toc H those ceremonies that we have are simple and, if conducted properly, are full of meaning and could be a source of inspiration, but in my experience they are rapidly becoming "vain repetitions."

How seldom is the "Ceremony of Light" taken properly! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is taken without preparation or thought, merely as something that has to be done. It is definitely laid down that there should be one minute of silence and this short space of time should be used firstly for remembrance and then for rededication.

It is very rare indeed for the full minute of silence to be observed; the usual time varies from ten to twenty seconds, and this makes the ceremony useless, without meaning, and nothing but an empty form. Over and over again instead of being helped by the Ceremony of Light I have been irritated by not being allowed sufficient time to complete my train of thought.

Reluctantly I have come to the conclusion that it would be better to cut out the Ceremony of Light altogether than to carry on in the present slipshod manner.

Mill Hill.

BOB SAWERS.

DEMOCRACY IN TOC H

DEAR EDITOR,

A protracted discussion on this theme would be useless and unnecessary after your article. You *did* answer most of Padre Tunstall's points (did Padres in olden times not know how the wheels turned?).

But I must protest in the name of all that is *safe* in 'democratic' thinking that you did

ill service to my very good friend and mentor, that 'experienced member of the staff' whom you quoted to this effect: "Surely Toc H works by something much higher than mere democratic machinery—it works in the family spirit, using the best members of the family where it wants them. Whether elected or nominated doesn't matter a pin, so long as they are the right men."

I am too old and worn out by the cares of this world to fight about machinery! But you and my other friend provoke me to throw down my gauntlet in defence of clear thinking on a fundamental point. That wicked doctrine quoted above is the doctrine of National Socialism, of the Fascists, of paternal tyranny, of Louis XIV, Napoleon, of benevolent dictatorship (*Why not add the largest aggregate—the U.S.S.R. and the 'Eastern Bloc'?*—Ed.)—of the denial of the human spirit. A big thing to say about a little thing like Toc H. But little things like Toc H and the little people like ourselves who are its various parts, are the raw materials of great things like nations, and U.N.O.'s and world governments.

It is admirable to say 'pick the best men.' But who picks them? 'The right men,' yes, but according to whose light? Yours? Mine? I, of course, could always pick the best men. The trouble is that some idiot quite as intelligent as I undoubtedly am, will disagree with my choice. Then what happens? Who is correct? Who is the right man or the best man? I do not think, as it happens, that some of the people who pick other people in Toc H should even be allowed to pick their own shirts. But they think exactly the same about my judgment.

So the wisdom of this peculiar breed of mongrel phlegmatism, the English, drove them farther and farther in the direction of *safety* till they decided that *it was much safer to take risks* and hold elections than to trust the paternal individualism of people like me, or you or my good but mistaken colleague. The multiple cross currents of opinion and judgment produced Conservative govern-

ments from time to time. But in between, the experience gained added to the peoples' wisdom and Liberal or Labour governments were elected! Some Area Executives have been known to suffer the same advance.

There is a still further (and final) point. At our Oxford Conference, you will remember Herbert (Leggate) and myself debating prayer in Toc H, from our respective angles. One of the things he said was that in Toc H "we teach men to pray." Herbert is constantly saying pregnant sayings. He did not add—"we teach men to pray by praying for them." But we teach them to elect leaders by nominating them for them, do we? We, *i.e.*, Headquarters, the staff, Area Executive (half nominated) are wiser than the Movement? It must be so. *For we do not trust the Movement.* 'Get the right men' is merely a euphemistic way of saying that those asses—the members, might pick the wrong ones—but we, the superior pickers, are too wise, too mature, too experienced and too long-sighted to do that! I dissent! I have been known to make mistakes. I have known the men who are not allowed to elect, to be right nevertheless! The issue is there; it is simple. Either we deny the experience of the human spirit, putting ourselves above it and the members below it—or we do not. God takes some pretty big risks. Perhaps we could be humble and, since He trusts us (and we *are* a collection of pompous asses, as any Staff Conference will reveal) perhaps we could follow His example and trust our friends in the Areas. (By the way, they *are* our friends, are they not?)

Yours in right good-humoured high dudgeon,

North Wales.

SHIAUN HERRON.

FROM INSIDE OR OUTSIDE?

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very pleased to read the letter from Ronald Wraith, an old friend to East Anglians, in the July JOURNAL, but must disagree with much that he has to say!

Taking the last paragraph of his letter first, I have never felt that there has been any

suggestion that the commitments of Toc H membership can only be honoured by Church members. Any Christian can surely accept the Main Resolution and endeavour to live up to its standards without being attached to any church and in my experience, I have found that quite 50 per cent. of the members of the majority of Units are not active church members. Who would dare to suggest that, for this reason, the commitments of membership of Toc H are not honoured by 50 per cent. of our number? And, furthermore, I regret to say that it does not necessarily follow that a church member lives up to the principles of Toc H better than a non-member.

I do feel, however, that every care should be taken to prevent a Toc H member looking upon Toc H as his religion, and he should be encouraged to loyalty and devotion to his own church. To this end, Toc H should maintain its original policy of refraining from arranging meetings and gatherings on Sundays, which practice creates a wrong impression of the aims of Toc H, weakens the church, and antagonises the clergy. Wasn't it Tubby who once said that Toc H should not exist as a corporate body on Sundays?

I believe that contact with Toc H very frequently, and quite rightly, gives a man a desire to attend his church and become active in it. To my mind, Ronald Wraith's letter is very discouraging to anyone so minded and gives a false impression. The very difficulties, which he mentions and, in my opinion, exaggerates, are a definite challenge to youth to-day. The majority of churches are crying out for youth and "new blood" and there is an increasing willingness on the part of those, who have been leaders for many years, to hand over the reins. The road is undoubtedly rough but surely no Toc H member or Christian is out for the easy pathway in life. He appreciates the challenge and an adventure and can be patient where necessary; he is too big in outlook to be deterred by "storms in tea-cups." These are found in business, in social life and even in Toc H itself and will continue to exist until a larger and more Christian outlook prevails. It is part of our

duty to spread such a spirit. The Church must be the power house of religion and a Church, strong in Christian influence is essential for the future of mankind and the peace of the world. To use one's time to achieve such an end is surely not to waste it as Ronald suggests, and he who sincerely devotes his energy to this cause will not experience the suggested frustration but will find himself more capable of living up to Christian standards and better able to honour the commitments of Toc H Membership.

I hope that it will be found that other members agree with me and concur with the opinions of a humble layman.

Ipswich Branch.

H. ROY UNWIN.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

DEAR EDITOR,

There is one point in the letter signed H. in your May JOURNAL that raises some objections expressed hereafter.

The paragraph "A CHANGE OF NAME" starts thus: "Firstly and *definitely*" (italics are mine) "Toc H must change its name."

We strongly object. Not on sentimental grounds—although the name has endeared itself to us—but on practical grounds. The name is brisk and sounds like a clarion call; and who could possibly hail a fellow by calling out: "Hello! Order of Christian Happiness!"

Besides, the word 'Order' calls up the vision of convents, of a restricted life, enforced discipline, and complete lack of freedom, both in thoughts and daily life. Is that Toc H? Or do we think that to belong to Toc H broadens our minds and makes us live "more abundantly"?

The two words 'Order' and 'Happiness' are not in harmony. One does not find happiness by order: whichever way one looks at the word it contains a certain amount of compulsion.

As to the riddle contained in the new suggested title, it seems too childish even to be mentioned.

"Where do we go from here?" (see February JOURNAL) opens new and wonderful avenues of thought. An exchange of letters

seems the best way of bringing about the necessary changes.

Yours faithfully in Toc H,
J.L.B. (Women's Section).

Brussels.

'CLUB-CRAWLING'

DEAR EDITOR,

This job of planting new community life among the "arid wastes left by wars and industrial revolutions" is getting me up at 5 a.m. to ask if you can suggest to Toc H Service Teams that the game of 'club-crawling' is one worth playing, and is even more refreshing and satisfying than old fashioned pub-crawling. I referred to it in a scheme which I prepared for the Toc H Services Club Committee last December. Since then part of this scheme has been put into effect by our 'Tree Clubs' at Kiel, Neumunster and Antwerp.

Our Brussels Tree Club opens at the Y.M.C.A. Services Club next week, and we have plans for invading Hamburg, Hanover, Osnabruck and Göttingen. Last week a representative of the British Council asked what we are doing about Paris! Perhaps I should explain that a Tree Club is merely a focal contact point for live wires to produce a spark of community life and to generate a spirit of co-operation between all movements and educational or cultural organisations in the neighbourhood. Its branches can be spread over a wide area—its "leaves are for the healing of the nations." Its methods are roughly these of Mrs. Beaton—"Take a large measure of Toc H and mix well with the Scout movement—add a pinch of ABCA and all that, and season well with commercial salesmanship—bring to the boil with personal contact and wide publicity and serve with persistent pushing to give the apathetic an appetite for the worth-while things of life."

The three "cooks" consist of the eternal triangle—one woman and two men to keep her in order! With the help of twelve good "Club Crawlers" they can turn out a wide variety of opportunities to suit every taste for community education without indigestion.

We hope to publish a monthly News

Letter, *Tree Leaves*, which will explain the game more fully, and will act as a medium for exchanging news and views. If any Toc H Service Teams or members would like further details I should be delighted if they would write to me at this address, or else c/o Lloyds Bank, 6, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

ADRIAN HUDSON.

*A Mess, H.Q. Army Troops,
Low Countries.*

A LONE MEMBER'S VIEW

DEAR EDITOR,

May I, from my present standpoint of a lone member, give my own opinions of the JOURNAL and its job in Toc H.

For the point raised by our Guernsey member in the April issue claiming that over-emphasis has been placed on the overseas work of Toc H, I am inclined to agree to a certain extent, for news of local interest in each part of the world is usually well publicised through local newsheets, and correspondents could give to you consolidated reports on the actual work done and experiences that would prove of interest to all. The same equally applies to the news of home groups: I know that Western Area can be quoted as excellent examples of these Newsheets.

The real job of the JOURNAL, in my opinion, is to promote knowledge of Toc H amongst its members, and the news that comes from all correspondents should aim at giving to others the benefit of their experience.

When I was stationed at Singapore, and also at Dehra Dun (India), I found that the items in the JOURNAL which received the greatest attention of all were the plans for the future and the suggestions made for the guidance of new units. I think that my views may very likely be shared by many others, including most definitely those who are young probationers and really do want that kind of information.

For a footnote I should like to express my personal appreciation of the frontispiece photos of the April and May numbers—they bring back to me, and I feel pretty sure to thousands of others of your overseas readers, many happy memories. I hope that it may be found possible to continue them*.

T. M. PHILLIPS,

2nd Bn. D.L.I., S.E.A.C.

Seremban, Malaya.

18.7.'46.

* This appreciation is gratifying, for the pictures were precisely aimed at pleasing members, like our correspondent, far from home. We hope to continue them from time to time.—ED.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

AIREY.—On February 2, M. E. F. AIREY, a member of Nelson Branch, New Zealand.

COLEMAN.—On July 18, FRED C. COLEMAN, a member of Bexleyheath Branch. Elected 9.11.'38.

DONN.—On July 1, GEORGE DONN, aged 62, a member of Preston Branch. Elected 1.12.'44.

KING STEPHENS. In July, H. C. KING STEPHENS, a member of Brussels Branch, then of Paris, later at Bournemouth. Elected January, 1933.

LITT.—WILLIAM LITT, a member of Seaton Branch. Elected 8.2.'39.

TAIT.—On July 17, Admiral Sir CAMPBELL TAIT, Governor and C.-in-C. of Southern Rhodesia, a Patron of Toc H, Southern Africa.

YOUNG.—On July 20, HERBERT GEORGE YOUNG, a member of Seaton Branch. Elected 8.2.'39.

YULE.—In June, JOHN YULE, aged 85, a member of Barrow-in-Furness Branch. Elected 16.3.'34.

TOC H CENTRE IN LONDON

Owing to the lease having been terminated, the Toc H Centre in the West End of London at 1, Greek Street, Soho Square, is being closed before the end of September. All correspondence for the London Secretary and Padre, the Youth Service Secretary and the Services Correspondent should be addressed c/o Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

Postage is extra. A discount of 10% is allowed on orders for one dozen or more, unless otherwise stated. Communications to Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

Books

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE ... 1s. 6d.
By TUBBY. The original account of the birth-place of Toc H in Flanders, 1915-1918.
THE BIRTH OF A MOVEMENT ... 2s. 0d.
By BARCLAY BARON. The Story of Toc H, Part II. A record of four significant years, 1919-1922.
A BIRTHDAY BOOK ... 1s. 0d.
Twenty-one years of Toc H. An illustrated series of records and essays. The Coming-of-Age in 1936.
TOC H UNDER WEIGH ... 1s. 6d.
By PETER MONIE. The fundamentals of Toc H.
AN OPEN LETTER ON THE COMMON RULE ... 6d.
By PETER MONIE. (Published in 1926, the League of the Lamp of Maintenance having since been dissolved.)
A POCKETFUL OF PRAYERS FOR TOC H ... 2s. 0d.
A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES FOR USE IN TOC H ... 9d.
FISHERS OF MEN ... 6d.
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By B.T.D. A sketch of the movement's ideals.
IN WHICH WE SERVE ... 3d.
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A TOC H ADVENTURE IN THE CITY ... 1d.
A TOC H ADVENTURE AMONG LEPERS ... 1d.
A TOC H ADVENTURE UPON TYNE ... 1d.
TOC H—WHAT NEXT? ... Free
Facing the future: for men leaving the Services.
ENTRE NOUS ET EN FAMILLE ... Free
An introduction to Toc H in French.

Handbooks

- THE TOC H PADRE ... 6d.
By H.F.S. A guide for Clergy and Ministers on the nature and methods of Toc H.
A FAMILY AFFAIR ... 3d.
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By A.G.C. The work of a Branch Pilot.
"JOBS" ... 3d.
By G.A.L. Some notes for Jobmasters, 1935.
CONCERNING TOC H: FELLOWSHIP ... 2d.
THE ROYAL CHARTER OF TOC H ... 1s. 0d.
TOWARDS TOC H ... 6d.
First steps in forming a new unit. (Ready Octr.)
THE TOC H DIARY FOR 1947 ... 2s. 6d.
(Ready in November) 30s. per dozen, post free.

Appeal Leaflets

- TOC H BUILDERS ... Free
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TOC H IN OCCUPIED COUNTRIES ... Free

The Journal

- TOC H JOURNAL:
Monthly, 3d. each; 2s. 2d. doz.
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Pictures

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THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE OF TOC H ... 1s. 6d.
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Publicity

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WINDOW DISPLAY PANELS:
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EXHIBITION:
The Story of Toc H from Poperinghe to the present day, in picture and word. 22 pairs of panels (4'×3' and 4'×1½' mounted on 6' legs), suitable for large halls and showrooms in key cities. Bookings available from October 19, with leaflet "For You."

Miscellaneous

- A SERVICE OF LIGHT AND RE-DEDICATION in Toc H: 1d. each; 5s. per 100.
WALL CARDS:
The Objects of Toc H; The Main Resolution; The Ceremony of Light; Initiation; The Toc H Prayer: 1d. each. Toc H—What is it? 2d. each.
NOTE-PAPER for District, Branch and Group: 2s. 3d. per 100 sheets. Service address, suitable for individual use: 1s. 3d. per 100 sheets. Postcards: 4s. per 100.
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Services Club Voluntary Helpers': 1s. each. Members' Button-hole: 9d. each.